UNCLE SAM'S MONEY MILL

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing an Interesting Place.

How Treasury and National Bank Notes and Stamps Are Made—Blank Paper as Carefully Guarded as Gold—The System of Checking.

The Government's money mill, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, is one of the most interesting places in the country. Visitors to Washington, here on pleasure bent, never fail to include the big red brick structure at Fourteenth and B Streets southwest in their sightseeing expeditions. The bureau had its origin in a small way in the Treasury Building early in the 60's. The structure which it at present occupies has been twice enlarged since it was first occupied in 1880. The building and site represent an outlay of $500,000, while the machinery and fixtures represent another outlay of $1,000,000. The bureau employs 1,910 men and 1,336 women, and expends for wages alone over $1,500,000 a year.

The manufacture of notes issued by the Government and by the national banks of the country forms the chief work of the bureau, but there are also printed postage, customs, and internal revenue stamps, as well as all the checks used by United States disbursing officers throughout the country—in short, everything that is defined by law to be an obligation or security of the United States. The nature of the product entails peculiar methods of manufacture, especially with a view toward the prevention of counterfeiting. The processes of engraving and printing employed are those which are most difficult to imitate, and the most skilled engravers and printers are secured.

Inside the walls of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, paper, as well as time, is money. That is to say, the peculiar paper used for printing notes of the various denominations is assessed at the value of those notes while the sheets are yet perfectly blank. This paper is distinctive, and is made only for the Government of the United States. The distinctive feature of the note paper, known as fibre paper, is its double lines of distributed silk fibre on the back of the notes about two inches from each end. This fibre can be easily seen. The distinguishing mark of the paper for internal revenue and postage stamps is a watermark in the paper of the letters "U. S. I. R." for the first and "U. S. P. S." for the second. All paper used in the bureau is manufactured upon the order of the Secretary of the Treasury, and is held in the custody of the chief of the Division of Loans and Currency of his office. It can only be obtained by the bureau upon a requisition setting forth the class, denomination and value of the security to be printed thereon, and is charged to the bureau at the full face value which can be so printed. Every particle of the precious paper must be accounted for or the face value charged against the bureau must be paid in money.

When the issue of a new security has been determined upon by the Government the matter of the design and the mechanical execution of the work is submitted to the officials of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The design is usually, as in the case of the Pan-American stamp issues, for instance, entrusted to the chief engraver, who makes a model and submits it to the criticism of the higher officials. This model is then modified in accordance with the suggestions received from those to whom it is submitted, and is finally approved by the Secretary of the Treasury. The approved design is then placed in the hands of the engravers for the execution of their respective lines of work—that is, vignettes, titles, and ornamentation. When the plates are finished and ready for printing, they are, together with all the dies and rolls made by the bureau, placed in charge of an officer especially appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, known as the custodian of dies, rolls and plates. They are held by this official in burglar and fire proof vaults, and are only issued when the Secretary of the Treasury makes an order to print a certain definite number of impressions from them. In each event a copy of the order is forwarded to the custodian.

When the paper and dies are required by the bureau, the necessary orders are issued from the authorities of the Treasury, approved, of course, by the Secretary. The paper is first transferred from the Treasury building to the bureau, checked with the requisition and counted to determine the actual number of sheets. It is then prepared in the wetting division for printing by being counted into sections of from ten to twenty sheets each, these sections being subsequently placed between wet cloths and put under heavy weights to distribute the moisture from the cloths evenly through the paper. When this has progressed to a certain point the weights are taken off, and the paper is "shifted"—that is, each section is divided into three equal portions, and the inner or dry sides are reversed and made the outer sides, so as to place them in direct contact with the wet cloths. They are again placed under the weight, as before, and after remaining thus for several hours the paper is removed from the wet cloths, counted, and stacked ready for issue to the printers. A requisition is then made upon the keeper of the dies, rolls, and plates for the necessary plates. These are delivered to and receipted for by the representative of the printing division of the bureau.

The printers receive their respective assignments from the chief of the printing division. Each is given an order which entitles him to receive the necessary plate, and his assistant the necessary paper in the quantity he may determine for his day's work. The paper must be counted immediately upon receipt, as would money paid at a bank, and a receipt must be given. The printer and his assistant are now responsible for plate and paper.

Attached to each printing press is an automatic device which records each impression printed. During the day the impressions, as they are completed in hundreds, are taken to the examining division of the bureau, where they are counted, and then placed in the racks of the drying-room. The printer receives a receipt for the number of impressions delivered by him.

There is not the slightest opportunity for a leakage in this vast establishment. There is money, money everywhere, but not a cent to take. Toward the close of the day the printer is required to return his plate, and the paper which he may have left over, and which is credited to him on the books of the wetting division. A comparison is then made of the number of impressions charged to the printer in the wetting division with the number of impressions recorded on the register of his press, and the number of impressions delivered by him to the examining division. These three accounts must agree, and, when it is determined that they do, the printer and his assistant are relieved from further responsibility, and the employes of these divisions are dismissed for the day upon a given signal.

The freshly printed impressions remain in the drying-room securely locked during the night. In the morning they are submitted to the inspection of expert examiners and are carefully scutinized for imperfections in printing. It should be remarked that but one side (the back) of the notes has, so far, been printed upon the sheets. The second, or face, printing is then made, the sheets being submitted to the same process as employed in the first impression. In the successive wettings to which the sheets are subjected a considerable portion of the sizing originally placed in the paper is removed. To remedy this defect, which involves lack of durability in the wear of the finished note, it has been found desirable to replace this sizing. To accomplish this the sheets are passed through a bath of paper sizing at a temperature of 135 degrees, by which they become thoroughly saturated with the sizing. They are then locked up again overnight in specially prepared iron safes where the sizing is fully absorbed into the fibre of the paper, and the next morning they are placed in the drying-room and thoroughly dryed. They are next placed, four sheets back to back, between the smooth press boards and submitted to a pressure of 5,000 pounds to the square inch. They are then delivered to the numbering division, where the edges of the sheets are trimmed and they receive the blue numbers at the lower left-hand and upper right-hand corners. This is done by special numbering machines designed by employes of the bureau.

After an examination to determine the accuracy of the numbering, the sheets are made up into packages of 1,000, and delivered to the Treasurer of the United States, when the blue seal is imprinted upon them. The sheets are then cut up into single notes, which in due course of time find their way to the just and the unjust alike. Their future career, interesting, no doubt, is necessarily, like Grumio's story, "lost in oblivion."

A HUSBAND TRUST.

New Jersey Girls Organize to Secure Eligible Mates.

Over in New Jersey the way of the commuter is hard, but never quite as hard as now. In the aristocratic suburbs of Englewood, where the yellow-wheeled vehicles congregate at the station to meet papa or mamma or brother; where the spindle legs of the young man commuter surrounded by golf socks are very much in evidence; where hoary heads of families have fled to enjoy mosquitoes and other rural joys, and to give the young folks a chance to conduct themselves in their characteristically half-baked manner; there in Englewood lies the superlative of all these things, and the first letters of its name are I. S. O. A. H., which being interpreted means the In Search of a Husband Club.

The fascinating young woman of Englewood has disovered that Amalgamation, Co-operation, and Organization are the thing. In the first place these things sound "labory," and Heaven knows it is a laborious matter for some women to acquire husbands. A sort of man-trust has presented possibilities to the feminine New Jersey mind. Not too much trust, of course, just enough to get a cinch on a man and to make him an honorary member for life. This club is properly officered, and is conducted on business principles.

Before this season the club has adjourned during the summer months, because a hot summer and a hot club were likely to make a hot town beyond endurance. But, owing to the extraordinary success of the club or to the desperation of its members, the club is now working overtime, and is doing business at the same old stand all the summer.

The methods of the club members are sufficiently feminine to lure a commuter into its precincts once in a while, even though its courtships may be conducted parliamentarily and according to Hoyle.

Several inducements are offered the man who shall consent to marry a club member. The club assists him to establish his household by giving to the girl pianos, clocks, baby carriages, chiffoniers, and the like. Besides these things he, of course, gets the girl.

The last girl to mary from the club will receive a vase, and upon it will be inscribed the names of all the members who have gone before. It is something to receive such a trophy, but it has its disadvantages, too. It will nail the member to the matrimonial cross as the last of the batch. It is suspected that there "ain't going to be no last."

For a long time the purpose of the club was not known to the men of Englewood. Unsuspecting men were invited to "just come in and look on." They came, not knowing precisely what they were to look upon. Incidentally, not knowing whither were they drifting, nor how to be happy though single, those who came to look remained to propose, and three of the club's members got married. This meant success enough to warrant the continued existence of the club. Three in three years is a good showing—under some circumstances. Without the club such a thing might not have happend to them in ten years—perhaps never.

One member of the club naively sets forth the club's purposes and methods thus: "There just didn't seem to be any way of letting the men know about us. I mean there was no way of letting them know we wanted to be married. Women are doing all kinds of things to help men nowadays, and so we just thought it would be a splendid plan—and it was. Three of us have got married because we organized, and it was, oh, so easy. We have days when we invite the men to come to the club. Before they knew what the club was for we did our very best, you know. We wore the best clothes we had, and made the most of ourselves. I think that was all right—the men were worth it. We sat around, and each of us said lovely things of the others, and it worked beautifully. It set the other girls up, and made the men realize how generous we were. We—we—well, we 'just played both ends against the middle,' as father says. After a while, when the men had found out what they were invited for we just didn't pretend any more, but sat around and looked as well as we could, and—and it went all right—with those who still came, and quite a good many came even after they found us out. We expect a good crop of engagements as a result of the season's campaign. What's that? Has it worked to advantage in my case? Look at that ring."—New York Times.

Perfectly Natural.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

The sentimental bride on the park bench at St. Joe watched the sun set in Lake Michgan.

And she murmured:

"See, darling, how phosphorescent!"

"It's no wonder," responded the matter-of-fact bridegroom, "when you think how many matches are made here."

Then, as the sun sank to rest, her head sank likewise on George's shoulder—and all was still.

THE ROMANCE OF A SONG.

"Home, Sweet Home," and Its Author, John Howard Payne.

How He Received the Inspiration That Made His Name Immortal. The Removal of the Poet's Remains to This City From Africa.

On the summit of one of the verdant slopes of Oak Hill Cemetery is a marble slab beneath which lie the remains of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." The spot is further marked by a monument surmounted by a bust of John Howard Payne. The slab is the same that was placed over the poet's grave in Tunis, Africa, where he died. The inscription upon it reads as follows:

In Memory
Of
COL. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
Vice Consul of
The United States of America
For
The City and Kingdom of Tunis,
This Stone Is Here Placed
By a Grateful Country.
He Died at the American Consulate,
In This City, After a Tedious Illness,
April 1st, 1852.
He Was Born at the City of Boston,
State of Massachusetts,
June 9th, 1792.
His Fame As a Poet and Dramatist
Is Well Known Wherever the English Language
Is Spoken Through His Celebrated Ballad,
Of
Home, Sweet Home;
And His Popular Tragedy
Of Brutus, and Other Similar Productions.

This inscription was written by Hon. William Penn Chandler, who has acknowledged that he was in some error concerning the place of Payne's birth and the date of his death.

Upon the monument is the following inscription:

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled,
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angels said
Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Home.

There are numerous accounts of the circumstances surrounding the production of "Home, Sweet Home." According to one story "on a certain stormy night, beneath the dim flickering of a London street lamp, gaunt and hungry, and without a place to shelter his poor shivering body, he (Payne) wrote his inspired song upon a piece of ragged paper picked from the sidewalk." The following, said to have been related by the author himself to a friend in New Orleans, in 1835, is probably more reliable:

"I first heard the air in Italy," said the poet. "One beautiful morning as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl, who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moments' conversation I asked for the name of the song, which she could not give me, but, having a slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did while I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was this air that suggested the words of 'Home, Sweet Home,' both of which I sent to Bishop at the time I was preparing the opera of 'Clari' for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words."

Sir Henry Bishop, alluded to by Payne, was a personal friend of the latter, and the composer of the opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan," in which the song of "Home, Sweet Home" was first introduced. The opera was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, London, May, 1823, and the song was first sung by a Miss Tree, sister of Ellen Tree, afterward wife of the famous actor, Charles Kean.

The success of this opera, which was almost phenomenal, may be described as marking the crisis of the career of John Howard Payne, whom it brought into instant notoriety. Hard pressed for money, and almost despairing, the adventurous poet had theretofore met with but fitful success. He had known the inside of a debtors' prison, from which he rescued himself by his play of "Therese," an adaptation from the French. While looking about almost desperately for an opening for the exercise of his talents his services were sought by Charles Kemble, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Payne despatched to Kemble a bundle of manuscript plays, asking for the whole £250 sterling. One of these plays, "Clari," which was offered for £50, was suggested as suitable for an opera, and the author stated in a communication to Kemble that, in the event of its meeting with the latter's approval, Sir Henry Bishop would arrange the music for it. Fifty pounds were paid and charged against the bundle offered for £250. Like the "Beggar's Opera," the fate of "Clari" seemed to hinge upon one song, and that song was "Home, Sweet Home."

In the words of Payne's biographer, Gabriel Harrison, "this song has had a more universal circulation than any other song written before or since. It is a fact that upward of one hundred thousand copies were issued by its publisher in London in less than one year after its publication. The profit yielded over two thousand guineas. It at once became so popular that it was heard everywhere. Whether in the streets, or the concert, or the theatre, it was always welcome to the ear. It has been heard in the cottage and the palace, it has been sung constantly by the humblest peasantry and sanctioned by the sweet warblings of a Pasta and a Malibran. It has been quoted in sermons, and sung, with slight alterations, in places of divine worship. It is a favorite song of the exile, and is not unfamiliar in the desert wilds of Africa."

Every great singer, from Malibran to Patti, has left, for a time, the display of their marvelous vocal powers in more ambitious compositions to descend to the simple, touching melody of "Home, Sweet Home." And in so doing they have exalted both the song and their own beautiful gifts, for it is only such "voices of gold" that can give the tenderness, and sweetness, and power that lie in the simple strains. "Home, Sweet Home" is, indeed, an epic of the heart, whose inspiration has been caught from Nature herself, and the listener can picture in his mind something of the peace and something of the sorrow that must have come to the solitary wayfarer as he listened to the song of the happy peasant girl in the calm Italian vale.

Most Washingtonians will doubtless recall the incidents attending the removal of Payne's body from its tomb at Tunis to its present resting place. It is said that in 1882, when Lieutenant Melville, of the Navy, arrived in this city the Marine Band welcomed him with the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and that the late W. W. Corcoran heard the music wafted through the trees of Lafayette Park to his home. Looking upon a portrait of Payne that hung in his drawing room, and which is now to be seen in the Corcoran Gallery, he recalled that the author of the song was buried thousands of miles away from his native land. He was inspired then and there with the desire to bring the body of the poet to his own country. It is to be remembered, however, that Hon. Horace A. Taylor, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was instrumental in bringing to the attention of the people of the United States the far-off tomb of John Howard Payne.

During a trip through northern Africa in the winter of 1881 Mr. Taylor went to Tunis. After visiting the grave of Payne he wrote an article describing it, and giving some incidents connected with the poet's life, writings, and official career. This article was widely published throughout this country. It is quite probable that it attracted the notice of Mr. Corcoran, and that it was thus that the latter became imbued with the determination of rescuing the ashes of Payne from their distant and unhonored resting place.

On October 14, 1882, Mr. Corcoran applied to the Secretary of State for permission "to disinter the remains of our countryman, John Howard Payne, which now rest in a grave near Tunis, in Africa, that they may receive more appropriate sepulture in the bosom of his native land."

"It has seemed to me," wrote Mr. Corcoran, "that the precious dust of an American citizen, who sang so sweetly in praise of 'Home, Sweet Home,' should not be left to mingle with any soil less dear to him than that of the land which gave him birth, and which, by the beauty of its home life, gave to him his best poetical inspiration."

The Secretary of State replied that the proposal met with his warm approbation, and expressed his readiness to do what he could in rendering fitting tribute "to the memory of one whose touching verses have so endeared him to his countrymen." James Russell Lowell was then Minister to England, and in the absence of any consular representative of the United States at Tunis Mr. Lowell was requested to secure the assistance of the British Government in obtaining from the Regent of Tunis permission to exhume the remains. Thomas F. Reade, British agent and consul general at Tunis, was accordingly instructed by his Government to carry out the wishes of the United States.

The exhumation took place at 12 o'clock, noon, January 5, 1883, a few persons only being present. Two of these had been at the funeral more than thirty years before—a Mr. Pisani, a friend, and an old and faithful native servitor. It was with difficulty that the workmen kept the coffin from falling in pieces. An eyewitness says there was "little else than the blackened skeleton left. Traces of the colonel's uniform in which Payne was buried were distinguishable—some gold lace and a few buttons." A newspaper correspondent, who was present, wrote:

"When the body was carried into the church an English gentleman at the little American-made organ played the air and a sweet-voiced American lady sang the immortal song of the dead poet, and as the tender words tremulously floated through and filled the holy place hearts swelled, eyes were suffused, and 'a charm from the skies seemed to hallow us there.' Tongue cannot tell nor pen describe the effect of that song, sung under the circumstances stated. The gloaming of the evening had crept into the chapel, and the 'dim, religious light' that Payne's poetic temperament could have understood and absorb, bathed all, both living and dead, in its mellow radiance. The twilight came on apace, and we left the poor remains to lie there until the morrow, guarded by the faithful dragoman who, in life, as in death, was stanch and faithful to the last."

On March 22, 1883, the steamer Burgundia arrived in New York Harbor, having on board the remains of John Howard Payne. Not far off, on Long Island, was "the lowly cottage" at East Hampton, and, close at hand, the street where he was born. Covered with the American flag the casket lay in state at the City Hall, New York, and, in the afternoon, Gilmore's famous band came and played "Home, Sweet Home."

From New York the remains were brought to this city, and were, without ceremony, according to Mr. Corcoran's wish, conveyed to the cemetery and placed in the chapel. On June 8, 1883, they were removed to the Corcoran Gallery of Art, there to lie in state. The following day, June 9, the ninety-second anniversary of the poet's birth, was the occasion of the final interment at Oak Hill. Ceremonies were simple but impressive. As the start was made for the cemetery the Marine Band, under the leadership of Sousa, played "Home, Sweet Home," which was also sung over the grave. The President and members of his Cabinet were present, together with many distinguished persons. There was an oration, and the venerable Bishop Pinkney conducted the religious services. It was a beautiful evening and, as the plaintive melody vibrated on the still air it seemed as though the spirit of the dead were there as well as his poor, crumbling remains.

CHARACTER IN SMOKING.

Every Man Has His Distinct Method of Enjoying the Weed.

"Do you know that you can judge a man by the way he smokes?" enquired an observant citizen yesterday. "Whether you know it or not, it is a fact. If you will take the trouble to look into the thing you will see that it is an easy thing to judge a man by the way he smokes. Take the man who smokes his cigarette. There are different ways of smoking cigarettes. If the fellow who is smoking is finicky he will grab the whited pollon with an airy-fairy-Lillian sort of grace; he will kind o' slip up on it, as it were, and pump the smoke out of the weed by degrees, and with a delicacy that would make the King of England tremble in his boots lest he lose his laurels as a graceful smoker. If he happens to belong to one of the rougher and the tougher classes he will pounce upon the thing like he meant it, and like he really expected to get a good smoke out of the white thing he held between his fingers. But there are all kinds of smokers. There is the man who smokes the cigar. There is the fellow who smokes the cheroot, and the fellow who smokes any old thing. But the point I had in mind was the different way that different men hold the particular article they smoke. This is the point about the business. I recall a rather curious case. I had not seen a certain fellow for more than twenty years. He was smoking cross vine the last time I saw him. But one day I saw a man in a crowd who was holding a cigar in a certain way. I said: 'That's my old friend, John,' and when I made the necessary enquiry about the matter it proved to be John. That's why I say that it is an easy matter to judge a man by the way he smokes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

QUEER JURY PROCEEDINGS

Strange Results Accomplished by "Twelve Good Men and True."

Some Occurrences When the Dozen Have Been Locked Up—Deciding a Case With a Pack of Cards—The Kentucky Method and Others.

The deliberations of juries after the door of the jury room has been closed are not always of that calm and dignified character accredited to them by popular opinion. Only on the rarest occasions does anything of what goes on in the juryroom become a matter of actual public knowledge, for the average juryman is as mum as an oyster about the cases which he had been called upon to decide, but there are occasional leakages from the juryroom calculated to shake the faith of the most conservative, in the institution of the "twelve good men and true."

On this order was a recent damage suit in an Indiana town, where the jury was called upon to decide whether the plaintiff was entitled to damages for injuries alleged to be due to the negligence of the city, a telephone company, ann an asphalt corporation. Apparently the jury was of average calibre. Like many other juries of all calibres, they couldn't agree. After they had been out forty-eight hours the status of opinion was seven to five in favor of the plaintiff. Some eight hours later one of the seven changed his mind, and the jury stood evenly divided at six to six. There was every prospect of an indefinitely prolonged deadlock, when one of the pro-plaintiff jurors had a brilliant idea.

"We'll never do any business this way," he said. "Let's get a pack of cards and play for it, the losers to accept the decision of the winners."

As a sporting proposition this met with instant favor. As a scheme for adjusting differences it was hailed joyously. Seven-up was agreed upon as the form of arbitration. The jurors sent out for cards and divided up into three sets of two pairs each, the side which should win two out of three matches to be declared victor. Each side had won a game, and the third quartette were just starting in when the officer who had been sent after the cards reported to the judge. A bailiff broke up the game and the jury was discharged without reaching an agreement.

More definite of result, if common report is to be believed, was the arbitrament of chance in a murder case in a Pennsylvania town. One juror, who stood out for an acquittal against eleven for conviction in a minor degree, offered to throw dice for his vote against any one of the eleven. The offer was taken up, and the story runs that the man won five jurors, one after the other for acquittal, lost three of them back; then, after a great deal of seesawing, landed the entire eleven. The result was an acquittal, where the actual sentiment of the jury was eleven for decision of guilt and one for a decision of innocence.

A somewhat similar transaction in the jury room is told by a lawyer of Chicago, who claims to have evidence that his client was convicted after six of the jury had played pinochle against the other six for their votes. One-half the jury stood for murder in the first degree, while the the other six favored a verdict of murder in the second degree, which would have meant imprisonment for life instead of hanging. The first-degree crowd won the freeze-out, and the man who was being tried by this august body was hanged.

That was a clever scheme which a Brooklyn jury evolved last spring to avoid the unpleasant consequences of an inability to agree. After being out for eight hours they reported to the court that there was no use of their deliberating further, as they would never be able to reach a common ground. The court told them to go back and deliberate some more. A night in the jury room was in prospect. That wasn't to the taste of the jurors. One of their number evolved a plan. They notified the court that they would hand in a sealed verdict. The "verdict" was duly handed in and the jurymen sent home. When court convened on the following morning the sealed envelope was opened, and to the indignation of the judge the "verdict" was found to be a statement that no agreement could be reached. Beautifully as the plan had worked, it had unpleasant consequences, for the judge hauled the jurymen up, and after severely lecturing them inflicted a considerable fine upon each and every man.

In Kentucky they have a method of settling differences of opinion which is occasionally employed in the jury room. A man named Kerr was on trial for felonious assault, and after the jury had been out for three hours sounds were heard from the jury room indicative of something more strenuous than moral suasion. Shortly after the jury filed in, and the foreman, with a wild eye gleaming from under a purplish cushion of swollen flesh, essayed to render the verdict.

"Zhury f-f-f-fize defen't issutt," he sputtered.

"The court fails to understand the verdict," said the judge with dignity.

"Issutt zhury fize'm issutt," insisted the foreman.

The judicial brow was growing black, when up jumped No. 2.

"Please, your Honor; the foreman wants to say that the jury finds the defendant innocent, and begging your Honor's pardon he's doin' the best he kin, seein' as how he didn't reach that decision till he lost four of his front teeth."

Whereupon the defendant was duly discharged.

How Old Dan Sullivan got a verdict, alone and unaided, against eleven hostile jurors, is legal local history in the city of Troy. For many years there had been a conflict in that region between the farmers and the city folks, and this feeling never got so bitter as when either side was engaged in litigation.

The inevitable result of this condition of affairs was that whenever a mixed jury was drawn there was trouble from the moment the key turned in the door of the jury room. Disagreements always resulted, and there was just that much more expense to the county for a new trial of the action.

After a while some one who had something to do with the drawing of men for the juries saw to it that there was no more mixing. Despite this precaution, however, old Dan Sullivan, who was always having queer things happen to him, managed to get drawn on a jury to try a suit for $5,000 brought against the county by a farmer. The other eleven jurymen were countrymen and friends of the plaintiff. Old Dan didn't make the slightest pretence of discontent over his position; on the contrary, he was delighted and made no secret of the fact. The evidence was all put in and the jury retired early in the afternoon.

The eleven countrymen talked the matter over and decided among themselves to give a verdict for the plaintiff, placing damages at $9,000. They didn't think it was worth while to consult Dan, but merely notified him of the decision they had come to, and said they would go through the formality of a ballot. Dan calmly wrote out a decision for the county on his blank, and when the result was made known the eleven countrymen were very much surprised. They gave Dan a line of stock arguments and warned him that they would keep him out all night if he didn't yield. They took another ballot, but the result was the same. Old Dan puffed away at his cigar and smiled. He smiled his way through a dozen or more ballots, and an array of threats that might have haunted a less obstinate man.

At 6 p. m. the condition of affairs was made known to the court, who ordered the jury to stay out until it reached a verdict. Then the court went home and the jurors set about laboring with Dan. They told him that he was an old man and that the strain of a night in a jury room might result in making him a sufferer for the rest of his life. Each and every one of the eleven countrymen declared dramatically that he would never recede from the position he had taken, and in other ways it was made clear to Dan that he would have to yield.

After an hour or so of this kind of talk another ballot was taken. This time Dan took another position. He found for the plaintiff and fixed damages at 6 cents. The enraged eleven informed Dan that they wouldn't take another ballot until he asked for it, and the eleven disposed themselves comfortably around the room, satisfied that before very long old age would tell and Dan would give in. At midnight the eleven began to get a little less determined. Two laid down on a bench, but they were too nervous to sleep in such quarters, so they sat up and swore.

"Whenever ye come around to my way of thinkin' jest let me know," remarked Dan as the clock struck 2. At 3 o'clock all eleven were lying down and trying to sleep, but Dan even scorned his chair. At 4 o'clock two or three began to weaken, and at a few minutes after 5 o'clock eleven hollow-eyed countrymen, very much subdued, came over to where Dan was standing and agreed if he would find again for the plaintiff they would fix the damages at 6 cents. Dan smilingly accepted the proposition, and the vote was taken.

Afterward the defeated jurymen learned that for ten years their fellow-juror had been a sufferer from insomnia, which rendered it utterly impossible for him to close his eyes in sleep from the time that the sun went down in the evening until it came up again in the morning.

A FAMOUS SWANNERY.

Noted English Estate Where Birds Are Raised by Hundreds.

On the estate of Lord Ilchester, at Abbotsbury, England, is one of the most ancient game preserves in England, and perhaps the most famous swannery in the world. The game preserve is believed to have existed about 800 years, the swans in mediaeval times having been the property of the abbots from whom the place gets its name. Penalties for destroying the Abbotsbury swans were enacted by Henry II, and, though they were not so drastic as those for killing deer, they were severe enough.

Anyone who stole swan's eggs from a nest was liable to be imprisoned for a year and a day, in addition to which the offender had to pay a fine, one-half of which went to the King and the other to the owner of the land on which the nest was. Henry VII granted the lands of this monastery to Giles Strangways, the ancestor of the present Lord Ilchester, and Strangways raised the number of swans, which even then reached the very considerable number of nearly 1,500 birds. Queen Elizabeth's council, who always kept a sharp eye on all crown rights to game, falcons, and sport generally, made a claim to seize all swans from Abbotsbury which were not marked by the "sovereign's prerogative, because they had gained a right to their natural liberty by swimming in an open river (the Fleet), and were royal birds." Giles Strangways' heirs defended this suit successfully, and now the birds are as nearly wild as any in England.

These birds have their home in a quiet meadow on the banks of the Fleet River. The land of the neighborhood is one beautiful subtropical garden. Bamboos, pampas grass, giant fuchsias, and exotic shrubs flourish there, the grass paths being as soft as a pile of carpet. Early in April of every year the swans gather from the Fleet and reconnoitre at the flat meadow at the head of the channel, there to compete for a nesting ground. This is a very ancient habit of Abbotsbury birds, and it makes them distinct from all other swans in the world. On the Norfolk broads and rivers, where so many swans are raised, each pair claims a separate length of water, and the famous Thames birds often do the same. The cock swan maintains this separate length against all comers, and he sometimes dies in his defensive battle.

The competition among the birds of Abbotsbury for building sites on the very limited area at their disposal is unique and amusing. They "squat," in the literal sense of the term, each on his own occupation, and as there are perhaps 300 nests on a space of about two acres, the crowd of swans covers the field like a flock of snow-white sheep. All the good places are taken early by the old birds, and late comers would fare badly were it not for the attention of the swanherd. Part of his business is to provide them with materials to make their nests of.

This is done by cuting down and stacking a quantity of flags and rushes from a reed bed which grows thickly near the mouth of the little stream. The swanherd constantly visits the nests and scatters the reeds about them in bundles. The way of building is unlike that of any other bird. The swan, usually the female, sits on the nest and stretches out her neck, gathers every morsel of portable stuff of any kind which she can reach, and piles it around her in a kind of a wall. Proximity so trying to other swans sometimes leads to a quarrel in this closely packed colony, but a handful of reeds to build with generally puts both birds into a good humor at once.

The bird which is not sitting also fetches reeds, dragging the long ones after it in rather an awkward way, for swans by right should pull things only along the water. They were never intended for beasts of burden on land. They never seem to get enough building material for their nests. If they could only get it they would pile up a wall as high as a haycock all around themselves. The nesting ground is thus gradually narrowed into a labyrinth of paths, encroached upon by the ever-growing nests, from which the birds hiss and snort at the visitor or the keeper as he passes by.

The methods of these swans in protecting their nests are amply effective. Swans have been known to drown foxes when swimming in lakes from islands on which the had cygnets. If the animal attacked is swimming, the swan raises itself almost on its tail and strikes a straight downward blow with one wing. Delivered well on top of a dog's or fox's head, and repeated frequently, this almost inevitably drives away or drowns the intruder. If the swan is on shore it walks up, lifts its head very high, then stands at its full height, and makes the same chopping stroke with the wing.

A beautiful scene at the Abbotsbury swannery is the flight of these monster birds. The barbarous custom of pinioning swans, still practiced on the Thames, is not followed on Lord Ilchester's estate. The birds are absolutely wild and free, and constantly take flight in company. When a number of them rise from the water the noise and thrashing of wings is like that of a paddle steamer. Each swan stretches its neck, beats its wings, which smite the water at every stroke, and for thirty or forty yards runs with its great flat feet treading the surface. Then the whole flock get clear of the water and rise simultaneously in a long slant skyward.

The sound of the beating pinions is very musical, and can be heard at a considerable distance on a still evening. Swanherds say these birds could wing their flight for a great distance, even in spite of their ponderous weight. As a matter of fact, however, they seldom fly more than a mile of two, whereupon they return to their ancestral home.—New York Times.

ANTIQUITY OF SHORTHAND

Its Use Dates Back Before the Invention of Printing.

First Text-Book Appeared in 1780. Systems in Vogue as Early as 1588—One Method Employed in the Roman Tribune and Forum.

Once regarded as little short of witchcraft or sorcery, shorthand has now become so common and matter-of-fact an element in our daily contact with business and mercantile affairs that it is all but unnoticed and unnoted. To those who see its almost universal use today, and know little or nothing of its origin and growth, and to those who associate it entirely with its present utilitarian surroundings of the business office or the courtroom, it may be surprising to learn that, unlike its present sister and dependent occupation of typewriting, and those other important time-saving inventions, the telephone, the telegraph, and fast mail, it is not a child of the century just passed, but dates back in its application to the English language almost to the invention of printing itself, while in its earlier use in Greek and Roman civilization it antedates even the Christian era. But so it is, and by its means have been preserved to us the matchless eloquence of the Roman tribune and forum, alike with the brilliant oratory of Burke and Pitt and Fox, and the masterpieces of Webster and Clay and Phillips and Garrison.

While there is probability that unpublished systems of "characterie," resembling the Roman stenographic "notae," were used to some extent by the monkish litterateurs of the early and middle periods of English history, the first known published system was that of Timothe Bright, a worthy doctor of "phisike" and divinity of the later Elizabethan period. His little book appeared in 1588, and was entitled, "Characterie an Art of shorte, swifte, and secrete writing by character." It was dedicated (by permission) to the Virgin Queen, and was clearly a book of great labor and research. It contained the germ, the idea, of swift writing, but beyond that was practically useless, as its great complexity would make its mastery the work of a lifetime, while it could scarcely be used for any exact requirements, since each character stood for all words of the same meaning and application.

Inspired doubtless by his example, the first real alphabetical shorthand system soon made its appearance, in 1602, being the work of John Willis, upon which nearly all the systems appearing during the next 200 years were largely based, either in the actual signs themselves or in the theory of execution. Sixteen years later a namesake, but so far as I can learn not a relative, Edmund Willis, produced a shorthand system which immediately rivaled that of the elder Willis in popularity. These systems went through a number of editions and were quite widely used by clergymen and literary men, especially during the periods of religious intolerance and persecution, when systems of secret writing were a practical necessity.

I have investigated patiently, but with no success as yet, to ascertain whether any of the famous band which landed at Plymouth Rock nearly three hundred years ago used shorthand. It would not be strange if some of them did, however, because they were made up of the very class among which shorthand found its first converts and users. Indeed, the earliest known use of shorthand in New England dates back to within about half a dozen years of the settlement of the old colony by the Pilgrims. Shorthand manuscripts are still preserved by our libraries, historical associations, etc., which were written as early as 1631, and the writer has recently had loaned to him a diary written in shorthand extending over a period of from about 1660 to 1690.

It is an interesting fact that in spite of the alleged great improvements in shorthand during the past sixty years, the ancient system of Gurney is still used in reporting the British Parliament, and the work has been done ever since the days of the elder Gurney by members of his immediate family and their descendants.

A number of shorthand works appeared during the next twenty years, in Philadelphia, Albany, and New York, but as they are outside the scope of this article I will only say that with one exception (the system of Thomas Lloyd, the first reporter of Congress) they were all reprints of English systems.

In 1809 was printed the first New England shorthand work. It was an anonymous adaptation of the famous English system of Samuel Taylor, and was a little pamphlet of sixteen pages and four plates. Copies of this work may be seen in the Boston Public Library and the library of Harvard College. From that time on New England has been a centre of shorthand activity. A check list of shorthand publications published in New England or by New England authors, recently prepared by Julius Ensign Rockwell, of Washington, D. C., the well-known shorthand bibliophile, contains about 300 titles, and there are very probably others. Mr. Rockwell, by the way, is of a good old New England family, was born in Massachusetts, is the namesake of our distinguished jurist, Judge Julius Rockwell, and is a son of the late Henry Ensign Rockwell, who left New England to become one of the first official reporters of the United States Senate. He is also a brother of Col. Horace T. Rockwell, of this city, once a noted shorthand reporter, and now still more noted in other lines.

Many volumes of sermons written or reported in shorthand in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries still exist, the earliest such being in the Springfield Public Library, being shorthand reports by Major John Pynchon, son of the founder of Springfield, of the sermons of Rev. George Moxon, first pastor of that town, written 1637 to 1639.

The writer has an interesting notebook dating back to 1767, in which Jacob Cushing, of Hingham, Mass., recorded in shorthand the sermons of the good old orthodox parsons of those days. The manuscript is the property of Mrs. W. J. Newcomb, one of the descendants of Squire Cushing, who was in his day a man of importance in Hingham, being magistrate under the King, and selectman and representative.

Official Stenographer Frank H. Burt, of the Superior Court, has an interesting old manuscript which once belonged to one of his ancestors, Eben Hunt, jr., being a sermon written in shorthand some 150 years ago by Rev. John Hooker.

Notwithstanding the quite common use of shorthand in this country before and during Revolutionary times, no text-book or work on shorthand appeared here until 1789, the year of Washington's first inauguration. Previous to this time about 200 "systems" of shorthand had appeared in England, and the American practitioners wrote either some one of these systems or adapted or originated unpublished systems of their own. One of the most interesting of these semi-original systems is that of Captain Dow, and another is that of Nicholas King, the cartographers, whose maps of early American cities and districts are still authorities in many respects, notably his fine map of Washington city, drawn in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Mrs. Margaret Deland, of this city, is a collateral descendant, I believe, of Mr. King.

In 1789 the first shorthand book published in this country appeared in Philadelphia.—Boston Transcript.

Boston's Plaint.

(From the Boston Herald.)

Junkman, spare that yacht,
Touch not a single stick;
She cost too big a lot
To break her up so quick.